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"SIC ITUR AD ASTRA."

Philomathean Society,

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.



SEMI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION,

OCTOBER 6th, 1863.

KING & BAIRD, PRINTERS.

"SIC ITUR AD ASTRA."

A D D R E S S E S

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

PHILOMATHEAN SOCIETY

OF THE

✓
UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA,

ON THE OCCASION OF ITS

SEMI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION

OCTOBER 6th. 1863.



PHILADELPHIA:

KING & BAIRD, PRINTERS, No. 607 SANSOM STREET.

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SEMI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

The 6th of October, 1863, being the Fiftieth anniversary of the adoption of the constitution of the Philomathean Society, measures were early taken relative to the due celebration of that day. A joint committee of Senior and Junior members was appointed to report to the Society a plan for such a celebration, and make nominations for speakers on the occasion. The report which they presented was adopted, and they were continued as a committee of arrangements.

The Hall of the University, and the Germania Orchestra were secured, and several of the most distinguished graduates of the Society invited to speak. A printed notice was sent to each one of the Senior, Nominal, and Honorary members, whose addresses could be obtained, inviting them to be present and to occupy seats on the stage. Invitations were also issued to those interested in the Society.

On the 5th, the day but one before the appointed time, the Committee received a letter from the Rev. Dr. Muhlenburg,—the second Moderator of the Society,—saying that neither himself nor Dr. Crusé,—the first Moderator, who had previously consented to preside,—would be able to be present as they had hoped to have been. In their absence, the Committee were so fortunate as to secure the services of Dr. Isaac Hays,—a member of the second graduating class,—who kindly consented to act as presiding officer. In accordance with the invitations the members assembled in the Hall of the Society a few moments before the appointed time, in order that they might proceed in a body to the Hall of the University. The procession, after a short delay to await the arrival of the Board of Trustees, who adjourned their stated meeting,

which happened on that evening, for the purpose of attending the celebration, entered the Hall in the following order :—

THE PROVOST, AND
FACULTY OF THE UNIVERSITY,
TRUSTEES AND HONORARY MEMBERS,
PRESIDING OFFICER,
SPEAKERS OF THE EVENING,
OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY,
SENIOR MEMBERS,
NOMINAL AND JUNIOR MEMBERS.

As many as could be accommodated were placed upon the stage, the remainder in seats immediately in front.

The exercises were opened with prayer by the Provost. After an interlude of music, the present Moderator, Mr. Howard Wood, on behalf of the Society, explained to the audience and senior members the purpose for which they had been called together, and bade them welcome. In conclusion, he stated that he had been directed to request Dr. Isaac Hays to preside on this occasion. Dr. Hays then replied in a few words and assumed the chair. After a second interlude of music, the speech prepared by the Rev. Dr. Crusé for the occasion, was read by the Secretary of the Committee, together with several letters from gentlemen who had been invited to speak, but were not able to be present. After another interval the first orator of the evening, Dr. Kingston Goddard was presented, who pronounced an appropriate oration. He was followed by the Rev. Dr. Hall of Trenton. After which the meeting was dismissed with the benediction by the Provost.

ADDRESS OF MR. HOWARD WOOD,

MODERATOR OF THE SOCIETY.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—Fifty years ago a small party of students met within these walls for the purpose of establishing a literary society. They were actuated by no common motives; they were influenced by a wish to promote their intellectual improvement. They felt the need of some other method of culture, besides that pursued in the regular course of study, and were eager to supply that need. Besides these sentiments there was that nobler desire to lay before their successors greater chances of education. How these gentlemen succeeded, the result has shown; who they were, we need hardly say; many of them stand in your presence this evening, and are, no doubt, well known to you. From that small beginning they have continually advanced and are now among the most distinguished citizens of our country. It is not surprising, therefore, that we should look upon such predecessors with feelings of hope and encouragement, and strive to follow the great examples set by them.

And to you, most respected and honored founders of our beloved society, I give heartfelt welcome in behalf of its junior members. Your names are already familiar to us; we have met with them again and again in our archives; they confront us upon every leaf and page of our minutes. But we had hardly hoped to make your personal acquaintance so soon; you were to us only as objects of veneration and awe. But now that we have met you face to face, deeper feelings incite our minds. Your presence among us this evening proves to us that you have not at least, forgotten the days of the student; that the old associations of college life have still their influence. It shows that

you still take some interest in the society founded and fostered by you. And we thank you most cordially for the kindness thus shown us. It infuses new life and vigor into us, to see the men to whom we are already so much indebted, willing to assist us still further.

And while we thus look back upon you as the source of what we hold most dear at college, a heavy sense of responsibility weighs upon us—a doubt whether we too have performed our duty and have done all that could be done to perpetuate the great work so nobly begun. Our consciences will, I think, acquit us, upon the fact of *wishing* to do so; but have we lost no chance, neglected no opportunity of carrying it out? We beg you not to judge us too severely. Since you left our halls, the community of Philomatheans has passed through many phases. At times, a gloom has settled upon us, but it was only momentary; it was but to make the subsequent brightness more welcome. But we feel ourselves well rewarded for whatever trials we have passed through, by being able to celebrate our fiftieth anniversary in such good company.

And now we would close by making a final request of you, never doubting that, coming as it would from such wise heads and sincere hearts, it will have a lasting effect upon us. It is that you bid us, "GOD SPEED FOR THE FUTURE."

I have been directed to request Dr. Isaac Hays to preside for us on this occasion.

REPLY OF DR. HAYS.

In accepting the honor which you have conferred on me, Mr. Moderator, I beg you to believe that I have not the vanity to suppose it is bestowed as a personal compliment to myself. I know full well that it is designed as a tribute of respect to the early members of our Society, and as I happen to be the oldest of them present on this occasion, I have been selected as the recipient.

On their behalf, therefore, I thank you for this mark of consideration, and have only to regret that some one of my coteremporaries, more competent to preside, is not present.

Not having been informed that I should be invited to preside until a very late period, I have had no time afforded me for preparation, and being entirely unaccustomed to speak in public, I fear to trust myself to give expression to the emotions and reflections which crowd upon me at this moment.

When I look back for half a century,—recall the pleasant days passed in college, and remember the valuable lessons and high inspirations here received, which through all after-life have been a source of pleasure, of comfort and of advantage to me, I feel that I owe a debt of gratitude to my *alma mater* which can never be repaid.

The joyous scenes of student days rise up before me with the remembrance of the loved companions of that period, but these pleasant recollections are not unmingled with sadness, for when I ask where are those valued friends of my youth, those early members of our Society, who laboured so zealously and dilligently to promote the objects of our association, the mournful response comes to me, that nearly all of them now repose beneath the cold clod of the valley.

ADDRESS OF THE REV. DR. CRUSÉ.

READ BY THE SECRETARY OF THE COMMITTEE.

GENTLEMEN :—Assembled as we are for the purpose of commemorating the day from which we date the existence of this Society, I must cast myself upon your indulgence, in opening the subject, for the remarks that I may offer. We are now entering upon the fiftieth year since the organization in 1813, so that our Society, thought not fifty years old, has reached its fiftieth year, and will be at its close just half a century in being. Thus, though not as venerable for age as many similar societies, its duration has evinced a principle of vitality, which we trust and believe will be as perpetual as the honored Alma Mater which gave it birth, and wish that the maturer child may live with its mother until the consummation of all things, supplying the material for the nurture of literature, virtue and religion until the end.

It is not the least among the reasons for mutual congratulation on the present occasion, that besides the many distinguished, respected and esteemed names that appear on your catalogue, or that are here with us now, there are so many of the few that participated in the formation yet living, and of these again what is still more worthy of note, that of those who were elected to sit under the canopy, the first three are still among us, (and present with us.) How it came to pass that your present chairman was made first Moderator, or that the second Moderator, the Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg, was not the first, I do not explain, unless it was the accidental difference of seniority that influenced the choice, but for which, you and I would have the pleasure now of listening to the opening address of my reverend friend and brother, the second Moderator with much more satisfaction I am

sure than I can give. I could equally wish to yield the chair to our common friend Dr. George B. Wood whose merit and well-known eminence in his profession have long since justified the election of the third Moderator. Your present chairman is happy to say that if it were a case of any competition at all he would not only on the score of esteem and friendship, but of solid merit in their favor respectfully decline it.

In looking back upon the long series of years that have passed away since the first measures were taken to give a permanent form to this retiring literary arena, we have a long line of those from year to year enlisted in the career of literary attainments, which shows, that the Society has not been without contributing its quota to the general mind, and though it must, in the nature of things, expect to share in the great law of universal change, yet it will, and must, as long as it endures, continue to furnish its periodic corps of those who by this voluntary discipline of scholastic life within these walls, will be ready to enter upon that more trying discipline which awaits us all in practiced life. And there, indeed, we need all the discipline we can gather in the schools to keep our lamps unextinguished whilst *brevi spatio mutantur sæcla animantum et quasi cursores vitæ lampada tradunt*. It is now just half a century since the then senior class of this University entertained the proposition and carried it through to form a Society, the objects of which should be congenial with, and promotive of the studies prosecuted in the classes. It was to be for mental, what the old gymnasium was for bodily strength, an *arena* for mutual improvement, where the precaution of secrecy was rather a shield for the diffident, and the encouragement of retiring merit, too often unconscious of its capacity (by its tendency to isolation.) After some informal meetings, and conferences the subject was submitted to the Provost for approval, and the organization and constitution completed under the title of The Philomathean Society of the University of Pennsylvania. This was not indeed the first attempt of the kind in the collegiate department of the University, others had been made before, but none of them survived the class

that formed it. Of one of these the anecdote is told, known to most of us, that it became more noted for its noisy sessions or adjournments than its improvement. The Provost being requested to suggest a name having the three labials $\pi\beta\gamma\alpha, \varsigma\iota$, is said to have hinted whether they might not be called the *Polyphloisbæan* $\pi\omicron\lambda\upsilon\phi\lambda\omicron\iota\varsigma\beta\omicron\iota\alpha\nu$ Society. History does not say whether they accepted the name or not, but its subsequent silence seems to imply they either profited by the pleasantry to solicit no characteristic name at least, or else they allowed the class to pass on without further effort to revive a society. It was after several such attempts to establish a literary association among the students had failed, that the Philomathean Society was formed; it was at a time also when a new period was ushered in by a complete change in the faculty of the collegiate department, and when the *then* senior class that formed the Society had passed from one Provost to another, with the disadvantage of an interregnum before the new faculty was settled. It is not our purpose to enter into particulars, but in order to understand the better the relative position of the then senior class and the bearing upon the formation of the Society, it seems enough to state that whether it was advantage or disadvantage the class had passed through the regime of three Provosts successively at the time of its commencement.

The Rev. Dr. Andrews, Provost at the time of our entrance into college, was at the head of the University, but did not survive the first year of our collegiate course. His decease was followed by an interval of some months under the Rev. Dr. McDowell, who once held the Provostship, and during whose temporary superintendence to supply the place of Dr. Andrews, the Rev. Dr. Beasley was called to fill the station. Dr. Robert Patterson was at the same time appointed Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, and Mr. James Thompson Professor of Languages, forming thus a new faculty. It was about the time of these changes and the concomitant organization that the proposal was made, and carried into effect to form a Society of Students of the University with a view to literary and scientific scholarship.

At this time, there was yet standing in unimpaired finish that once admired structure reared by Pennsylvania as a residence for the President of the United States, and intended especially for the first President, General Washington. Most of us well remember, it was on the present square, midway between Market and Chestnut streets, and for a long time even after its destination was changed, was known as the President's House. The President we know never occupied it, and declined it as a present, and it was then conveyed to the trustees of the University.

In the south-east corner of this edifice, on the third floor, overlooking a then large extent of vacant grounds, there was, as many of us will recollect, a fine, spacious room some twenty-five feet square, which, together with two smaller rooms adjoining, was assigned to us as Philomathean Hall. There it was that we began the Society now entered upon its fiftieth year. It was of course a time of much interest to the class, and we could wish the old building were still in existence as a monument of interesting facts now fading from memory.

In this rapid glance at the Society's origin, we are reminded by the retrospect, of the interesting period of history that fills up the interval and makes it altogether unsurpassed by any other period since the beginning of the Christian era. The world may be said to be almost entirely revolutionized within this half century, not by arms but by the arts of peace. It was a great change, a marked revolution when Christianity first triumphed over political paganism—a great change when, in after ages, the art of printing made the thoughts of one man, the thoughts and views of thousands and tens of thousands almost as soon as he could commit them to the pen,—a great change initiated by the discovery of Columbus, and still more important changes at the period of the Reformation. But all these appear to us at this day only preparatory, tributary movements towards the rapid, wondrous developments of the nineteenth century. The world has unraveled more of its own resources for the benefit of man than in any period heretofore.

A terrible and dark cloud has indeed come over us, in the fair and flattering calculations for the future of the age, and here at least in our country we have been compelled to pause in our conclusions, by the long-dreaded calamities of a civil war—

The hand-breadth cloud the sages feared,
Its bloody rain is dropping,
The poisonous plant the fathers spared,
All else is overtopping.

Yet as we mourn the sad necessity which for a time at least seems to arrest the progress of civilization and to defeat the hopes of a republic like ours—a republic in theory at least, only consistent with principles of universal emancipation—I say as we lament this seeming interruption to the progressive march of light, right and truth, I believe that after all, when the storm is over, we shall have more reason to rejoice in its results, than we now have or shall have to mourn over its sorrows. The wheel of time cannot go back. The law of God's universe is *onward!* and seeming retrocessions are *only* seeming. They are like signals to the halting traveler to a near and better road where he may find more safety, more certainty to reach his destination. And though, as in our national crisis now, the halting progress is fraught with pain, anxiety and blood, and great the sacrifices to cast out the evil spirit that has brought about this national calamity, yet a due acknowledgment of this may help us, under God, to a perfect cure of the evil. And though we may be called to a yet severer trial than that now is, yet we may meet it with God on our side.

“For who that leans on His right arm
Was ever yet forsaken?
What righteous cause can suffer harm,
If He its part has taken.”

We naturally turn from the past to the future, that future which to us all is expected, canvassed, scanned, and almost measured by our hopes and fears, and to which we look for-

ward for the solution of the past. We hail the anniversary with mutual congratulations, and best wishes, and prayers for times to come—an interesting time undoubtedly to all, to none more so than to those few of us who were instrumental in giving the society an existence which has thus far stood the test, and which by all the indications of the present gives an earnest of perpetuated vitality. To none can it be a time of deeper interest in its reminiscences, than to your first presiding officers, who, at the end of so long a series of years, are yet in the land of the living, and though not all present may send their gratulations to the assembled members in Philomathean Hall. And as we cast our eye into that mysterious future, not knowing what even a day may bring forth, how many earnest questions press upon us which we should be glad to resolve or see resolved into a happy issue.

Fifty years ago, with all the party ferments that have come and gone we still had peace within our borders. We all settled down in the belief that the United States was our country and whether born North or South—in Maine or Georgia, in Boston or Charleston, the one was as much our country as the other. Sectional differences might, as they always will, create partialities, but the great interests were *one*. But since those days alas, how changed! *quantum mutatus ab illo!* The young giant had grown strong and mighty—but a reptile had been fed and nurtured at his side, until outgrowing all control of law and right, it has dealt the virus of its poison against the hand that fostered it, and now a gigantic struggle, more fearful than that of the fabled Titans, is the present war.

Whatever be the result of this our national struggle, although we cannot but believe it will terminate in favor of justice and humanity; whoever among the senior members of the society, may live to see the end, there are none that can expect to see another fiftieth. If any of the classes survive the present so long, then indeed they will have something like a parallel with the day we have reached.

In the comparison we are reminded of the sacred rites of the fabled Prometheus, where the torch race from the grove of

Academus to the city, stimulated the Grecian youth to a contest of speed in which we see an expressive symbol of the career of life. The race itself started from the altar of Prometheus. The racers, with lighted torches kindled at the altar, were to vie with each other, in bearing the torch unextinguished to the goal. Whoever gave out handed his torch to the nearest racer. One of great authority, in allusion to these races, has said, "So run that ye may obtain." There is a race of life where, like the prizes in the games, there is something to be obtained. Cicero, in reference to these Promethean sacred rites, observes, as it does not imply that he who receives the torch has been swifter of foot than the one who has delivered it, so in life, the one that yields is not always the inferior, and so we are not to judge the merits of the race by one feature alone. Yet he alone was crowned who brought his burning lamp to the goal. And thus also with peculiar fitness the analogy applies to every generous emulation. In the symbolic device, of the society, the burning lamp, supplied by human hand, seems only like a part or preliminary of the Promethean race. The nurturings of diligent care and study cherishing the lamp of mind, as the only ground of solid excellencè, becomes a torch race at the altar of Prometheus. For though there may be other ways of ascending to the skies, besides a course of study, yet it is as true now as it was of old. "*Nihil sine labore vita mortalibus dedit.*" What the old Roman (Lucretius) has made the picture of life in the Lampedromia is as applicable to every institution aspiring to excellence. So the participants of Philomathean Hall have no objects in view but the great concerns of life. The association is a Promethean torch-race where, class after class, a portion retire handing over the unextinguished light to others. So the lamp of mind is kept burning, from one, through years of succession where every generation is expected to preserve what has been transmitted, whilst these again deliver up the trust undiminished, unimpaired to the next—

Sic, quasi cursores vitæ lampada tradunt.

Among the good effects resulting from the Society, there has been the formation of another, with similar or the same objects in view; under the same auspices of the College, its very name, indicative of *zeal*, combined with wisdom, is an indirect tribute to the Philomethan Hall, which it proposes to rival. May it be to both a generous competition, an emulation in which each society will find its advantage only in honoring each others merits and following what is good.

After all, it reminds us of the great lesson that underlies all others, life is the career for us all, and it has its cares, its duties, its responsibilities. Grave considerations these, and that we may finish our course with the humble hope that we have not lived in vain. As the race must be run so the lamp must be kept burning. It is the *lamp of mind* that needs all nurturing care, it is the oil of truth that must feed the flame, it is the hand of virtue, humanity and righteousness, that must hold it up in the race and make it available for all that is good and great. A noble problem, a noble strife! an emulation that lives only in the desire of doing good, and which like angels in heaven, will rejoice over one sinner that repenteth. It is an emulation which, descending from heaven, is planted as a ladder on earth for us to ascend, and is thus to be the moving power of every onward step in the torch-race of life. For the Grecian youth the altar of Prometheus was erected in the groves of the Academy, and the race was thence to the city of Minerva. The altar itself was the symbol of forecast, ingenuity, invention, and the rival racers symbolized the candidates in science, literature and the arts.

In this Promethean age in which we live, this age of artistic invention and scientific application, we may well find a parallel to the ancient fables, with perhaps the great difference, that our facts are stranger than their fictions. We have no Promethean altar indeed, at which to kindle the lamp of mind, and our onward strides to the goal of approval, have no sympathy with those that sped their course to the walls of Athens. But we have our light taken, not from the structure made with hands, but from that light which, coming from on high, is only

another name for eternal truth. Nurtured from that fountain it can never die away, but advancing, ascending, rising high as its source, must grow and spread and rule from age to age and the consummation of ages.

With such difference in our favor, we have also a nobler race to run, a nobler prize to win. It may not be glory, it may not be fame, it may not be wealth, or power, or even health, but it will be above all the approval of our own hearts, and the approval of Him who is greater than our heart. What more than this we need shall be dealt out largely—for that is the Almighty verdict—they shall be added. We shall all have sufficient in the struggle here to gain the prize *there*, and when the torch-race of life is run we shall resign the lamp of mind, unextinguished here only to revive in the immortal splendor of that hereafter which knows no extinction or decay.

Allow me, gentlemen, in conclusion, to thank you for this attention by which I have been honored, and as it is the last occasion in which I can expect to share in your transactions, so I may at this stage, at least, and as one of the racers hand the lamp to another. Gentlemen, as we have met now, we shall never meet again, our *present* forms an epoch which can only be realized once in a lifetime, and before another semi-centennial celebration, we shall not any of us have occasion, call, or even interest in the race. A sober, solemn thought, but no dream.

Happy, if then, in obedience to the behests of Sovereign Goodness, we must retire from the arena, we may, with cheerfulness, give place to those that follow, with the consciousness that whilst we may not have done always what we *would*, we have done at least in the direction of right, what we *could*.

Failures here, indeed, may again create a pause, but as in the career of life, so in its termination, the universal *remedy* is only there, where we find the universal *good*.

Et sic faventibus vobis lampada trado.

REPORT FROM MEMORY

OF THE

ADDRESS OF REV. DR. GODDARD.

Upon being introduced to the audience by the Chairman, the Rev. Dr. Goddard prefaced his remarks by expressing the deep regret which he felt from the absence of the principal speakers. In these feelings he doubted not that the audience fully sympathised with him. Among the list of its members the Philomathean Society was proud to enroll the names of some of the wisest and greatest men of a present generation. From them your Committee had selected a few, whose names had doubtless been influential in gathering together so large and intelligent an audience as that which was assembled in this renowned Hall this evening. From them we had a right to expect those words of eloquence and wisdom which like "apples of gold in baskets of silver," would have at once benefitted and delighted. To himself, however, the speaker remarked this disappointment was the keener, since his duty that evening was to have been rather of a secondary nature. Having already been honored by being selected as the orator at the late Biennial celebration of this Society—his place upon the stage was more to show his continued interest in an association of which he had formerly been Moderator, than to add any thing to the entertainment of the audience or the attractions of the evening. The most that he had anticipated doing was after the inspiring influence of the eloquent men whose presence had been anticipated to-night, had been felt, to have dropped a few warm and earnest words in addition to their more labored efforts; just as clouds reflect in hues of

purple, and silver, and gold, and crimson, the brilliant rays of the departing sun, not rendering them more luminous, but giving them some new hue of beauty. With these few words of apology the Rev. Doctor proceeded :

The celebration of the semi-centennial anniversary of the Society necessarily awakens in the heart mixed emotions. The mind impressed with the present, still is insensibly led back among the scenes of the past, and busies itself too with the anticipations of the future. With a reviving power it peoples this Hall with forms that have long since been laid beneath the sod, and once again fills it with tones that in times past eloquently breathed the instructions of wisdom and virtue. Such anniversaries have a resurrection power. By the influence of this mysterious truth the dead live once more. Voices are heard around us to-night in the halls of memory that have long been hushed in death. Eyes sparkle with the brilliant flashes of genius and intellect that have long since closed upon earthly scenes. And forms rise up before us from the buried past who once moved amidst these familiar scenes, and were associated with all that is around about us. The past of this Society—the recorded history of this University—what a noble monument they become to the learning and virtue of Philadelphia ! Her dead are like costly jewels in caskets, not lost, but only put aside ; on such occasions as this to shine and flash in the golden setting of memory like crown jewels around the brow of this Institution.

Upon these walls hang the portraits of some of these worthies of a past generation. Pleasant and profitable will it be for us to recall some of their excellencies. Upon my right there hangs the embodiment which the genius of the painter has left of the late Professor of Ancient Languages. With a frame as ponderous as his great learning, how well he filled his chair ! Born like many others of the eloquent and erudite in Ireland, he brought to these shores all his native enthusiasm for the classics. Hundreds now occupying enviable positions in the world of literature owe all their thirst for learning to him. Rough but ardent in character, he awakened the enthu-

siasm of his scholars. Never did there beat a warmer and truer heart than that which ever palpitated in sympathy with the difficulties and trials of his pupils, in the broad bosom of the late Samuel B. Wylie, D.D. His industry and zeal stored his mind with classic lore; whilst his pure Christianity consecrated it as Moses did the ornaments of the Israelitish maidens: to the service of God! Quietly he sleeps in an honored grave. Literature and Religion followed hand in hand as mourners to his burial. But long in the memory of the living—and forever in the affections of the just in glory will the name of Samuel B. Wylie live.

There upon that wall hangs the portrait of one more youthful in face and form. He too lent the powers of his cultivated mind to the promotion of the interests of this Institution. Amidst other embodiments of genius and acquirement he stood like some exquisitely cut statue of the purest marble—the representative of purity and learning. Many men of intellect and erudition have occupied the chair of Mental and Moral Philosophy in this and kindred Institutions, whose names have been interwoven with the subjects of which they treated, but for discriminating judgment, severe taste, elegance of expression, beauty of thought, and the loftiest dignity of a refined manner, the late Professor Henry Reed stands unrivalled. In grateful remembrance of his devotion to her interests, history has inscribed his name among those who have won immortality. And nature's light, in remembrance of the worshipper who bowed at her shrine, writes upon the crests of the rolling billows in letters of golden lustre the epitaph of him who sleeps amidst the corals and the pearls beneath.

The older members of this Society will not fail to recall the person and name of him who occupied the same chair immediately before the lamented Reed. Edward Rutledge, of all men with whom it has been my fortune to be associated, possessed in the fullest decree the mental and moral qualifications necessary for a successful teacher. Born in the South, he seems to have drunk in warmth of heart and fascination of

manner with the flower-scented gales that fanned him. He lived happily at a time when men knew no North and no South, but when we were all the children of one great family. Here in these rooms to northern youth, and side by side with northern men in perfect harmony he devoted those faculties that amidst southern influences had been so happily matured. Here he lived, here he was loved, and here he died. Nor do I believe that it would have been possible, with such blood flowing in his veins, for Edward Rutledge to have contemplated, save with horror, the dismemberment of this great Republic. Nor were the tears less precious, nor did they sparkle with a less pure lustre as they dropped upon his coffin, because they fell from the eyes of northern youth. These were days when even the dark form of a present rebellion did not cast its shadow over the land. When the seed even of a present treason had not germinated.

Though not among the dead, there is one whose name must ever be mentioned in these Halls with honor. With the blood of Franklin flowing in his veins, Alexander Dallas Bache has proved himself worthy of his high ancestry. His former pupils can never forget him. A nation will ever remember him. For whilst his wise progenitor wrote his name upon the clouds in letters of flashing light, it has been to the honor of his son that the memorial of his labors are recorded upon every shore and inlet of our vast coast. Sounding the depths of the ocean! he has written his name among that immortal list of human benefactors whose honor is as wide and vast as the great sea itself. All honor to Alexander Dallas Bache!

But we cannot, continued the speaker, close our address without some allusions to those sad events that are now occurring. When he who addresses you sat with others a Student in these Halls, our classes were filled with representative scholars from nearly every State in the Union. They came, attracted by the high reputation of our teachers, from the frozen fields of the distant North, from the industrious villages of the Middle and Eastern States, from the shores of the broad Atlantic, and from the warm regions of the South,

where the gales from the Gulf become perfumed with the odors of the blossoms of the orange. A band of brothers we were. Whose only contest was that of honorable strife for learning and place. We knew no divisions, and were but children of the Republic. Before us the wide extent of the whole country offered itself as the field of our enterprise. As the stars that shoot from the falling rocket scatter to the four quarters of the heaven, tracing their pathway in lines of light, so emancipated from the Halls of Instruction to every quarter of the land we went on honorable missions to our fellow men—the northern man often to the South, and the southern not unfrequently to the North.

How changed the scenes to-day. Godless rebellion has broken the golden links of a common brotherhood. Treason has arrayed against the best and freest Government on earth, her benefitted children. And those once students in these Halls by every sentiment of justice and principle of loyalty are bound to contend, until treason be laid low and rebellion be crushed. And that end will and must be accomplished. The edifice of freedom will once more rise again in more than its pristine extent and magnificence, the stronger because its mighty stones will have been cemented by the blood of patriots. Our land shall once more stand before the world, the great High Priest of Freedom. As too before the altar of liberty the offering of a world's gratitude is presented, upon the breast plate will be found the lustrous hue of precious stones, each State having its own peculiar device and color—not one wanting—all there—all there—united too in their setting of gold—united once again and forever!!

As the remarks of the Reverend speaker were entirely extemporaneous and unpremeditated, we have only given a meagre outline of them.

ADDRESS OF THE REV. DR. HALL.

There is a time of life when any term of years long enough to be expressed by even the fractions of a century, seems to denote a great longevity. And, doubtless, the junior Philomatheans of this evening celebrate our "semi-centenary" with a very reverential apprehension of the antiquity of the Society. I must confess to having given way to this illusion upon first hearing of the projected celebration, and until I recollected that my own membership fell within the first decade of the half century. Then, of course, I concluded that the Society was not so old after all. And when some of us were addressed, in the opening of this meeting, as "venerable" gentlemen, we trust that the audience observed it was not to us as the founders of 1813, but as accidentally occupying the seats where they were expected to appear, that the compliment was directed.

Yet, a representative of the graduating class of 1823, coming here to-night, cannot but acknowledge that it takes less than half a century to change the face of his associations. The lofty rooms where we recited—the "Prayer Hall" where we worshipped—the third-story corner where we hid the Philomathean mysteries—the sublime Rotunda which echoed every slam of the double doors, and in so doing shocked every nerve of Professor Thomson—that entire old Washington palace has been swept away; and all the consolation that remains is that which has just been administered by my predecessor on this rostrum—the old bricks were worked into the new walls, though plastered on both sides out of sight.

Beasley, Thomson and Patterson, who so long constituted the full academical faculty, have each in turn had to say,

like the dying schoolmaster, "boys, it grows dark; the school is dismissed." And as we recall the Board of Trustees of 1823, such names as I am sure must still be heard with honor in this community—as of White, Wilson, Tilghman, Rawle, Duponceau, Chauncey, Sergeant, Meredith, Hopkinson and Cadwalader, we have to say of each "*abiit ad plures*"—he has gone to *our* majority—the contemporaries of their eminent days. Of that venerated body, which so fitly represented the professional, social, moral and literary character of Philadelphia, only two survive; but they are such, that the honor of the past, as well as the present, is fully sustained in their names, for they are HORACE BINNEY and JOSEPH R. INGERSOLL.

In College and Society reminiscences nothing is more striking than the contrast of the relative position in which we then stood as boys, and now stand as men. We look through the old rolls of our fellows in the class-room and in Philomathean Hall; we remember the familiarity of first names and nicknames with which all mingled in the common arena of study and of sport; but we look at the same names now, and it is in the Honorable Judge, the gallant Major-General, the Reverend Doctor, the Right Reverend Father, the Moderator of the General Assembly, that we recognize the breadth of the transition from the school-times; and in many instances also the height of the transition—not simply to titles and dignities, but to character and influence not unworthy of this venerable school.

The Societies of a College deserve to be ranked among the most useful auxiliaries of its training; and if they fail in this, it is because they are not improved by their young members according to the design of their institution, and the means they furnish. If, because disconnected from compulsory studies, their exercises are treated as idle amusements, their character, which is essentially literary, becomes degraded to that of a jovial club. Philomath is the synonyme of scholar—a lover of learning, and one who loves to learn. And while the rigors of the recitation-room and its text-books are not expected to be reproduced in the Hall, nor the Friday even-

ings to be only a prolonged session of the class, it *is* to be expected that the course of the Society will accord with the general objects of education, and be observed by its members as such. All learning is not profound; all knowledge does not demand severe study. The curriculum of the school affords material for the more elaborate application; there is room elsewhere to cultivate the lighter, the more graceful accomplishments of the scholar. Elegant literature is to be pursued as well as the dead languages and mathematics. Facility and force of expression, whether by pen or tongue, in conversation, debate or declamation; criticism; practical rhetoric; acquaintance with books and the art of using a library; even certain social refinements, worthy of the early attention of students who are, or are to be, gentlemen as well as scholars—these important objects may find a scope and a stimulus in a society true to its Philomathean name, which cannot be found so well in the more strictly didactic form of lessons, or the more formal intercourse of students under the discipline of teachers. The Society may be made the exercise, the practice, to realize the principles of the lecture and the book. The Master retires—the pupils try themselves in their own way. The emulation may be all the more free and generous for having its excitement in the voluntary contests of the Society, where there is no reward beyond the vote of the evening, rather than in the protracted competition for grades, with an eye to the salutatories and the valedictory.

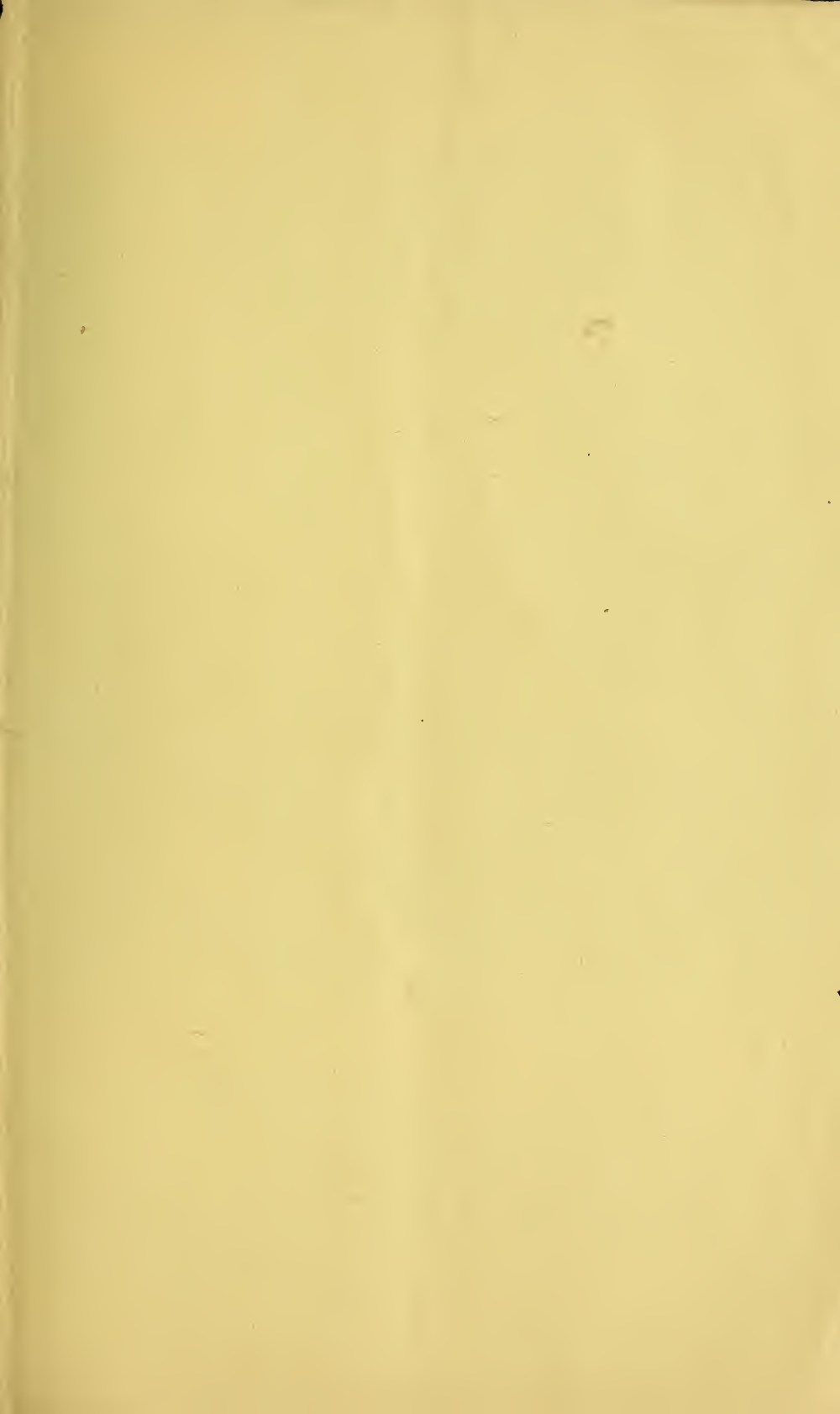
The Philomathean student will aim at something more than the Honors, or his Bachelor's diploma. These are good things to aim at, when viewed as the reward of scholarship and good conduct; but the laurels may be won by the superficial from the thorough. Examinations are not always the fair test of merit. It is related in the life of Lord Eldon, that when, as plain John Scott, he came to be examined for his first degree at Oxford, and was put on trial for Hebrew and History, the first question was "what is the Hebrew for 'the place of a skull?'" The future Lord Chancellor was not so forgetful of his English New Testament as to hesitate in answering

"Golgotha." The next test was, "who founded University College?" The candidate promptly replied, "King Alfred." "Very well," said the examiner, "you are competent for your degree." The exposure of the state of both the great Universities of England, which Sir William Hamilton once made in the *Edinburgh Review*, and the Report of a Royal Commission appointed as late as 1850, to investigate the condition of Oxford, give a view of the discipline in those boasted foundations which make it credible that Scott's examination has its parallels annually. And so it may happen in our best institutions that a student, both at his admission and departure, may *pass* an examination; but it is not his Diploma any more than his matriculation, that proves his love of knowledge, or his success in learning. His own exertions, in the regular improvement of all his opportunities, are to make him what he ought to be. Academic titles no more attest intrinsic worth, than (according to the familiar figure of Burns) the mere lettering and stamping of the coin makes it a guinea.

The mention of the Oxford Commission reminds me that its Secretary, and probably the compiler of the seven hundred folio pages of its Report, was the biographer of Dr. Arnold—Arnold of Laleham, Rugby and Oxford. It would be hard for either teacher or pupil of our day and country, who have, or desire to have, any enthusiasm in their work, to find a more healthful and suggestive embodiment of the true spirit of education, than is to be found in that noble character and that noble career. He knew both boys and men. He looked both at soul and mind. The object of his devout aspiration, whether tutor, head master, or professor, was to inspire the youth with ambition to live worthy of their immortality, and to keep this before them in the whole culture of the intellect. It was supremely in this light that Arnold contemplated his charge, and not as if the duty of either master or scholar were exhausted in the routine of tasks. Speaking in this place, of course, without reference to any peculiarities of his religious or political opinions, or scholastic methods, I should be happy

if any expressions of mine may induce Philomatheans to read Arnold's "Life and Correspondence," and his "School-Chapel Sermons," if it were only with a view to the evidence they furnish how consistent is the spirit of true Manliness with Scholarship and Religion; and that the sentiment is as true to day as when the King of Israel uttered it to his son, that only he who "walks in the ways of the Lord God," is "strong," and "shows himself a MAN."

There is no need of adding to what has been so well said this evening, and so well received, with reference to the duties of national loyalty. Let me, however, take advantage of the word and the enthusiasm, to remind our young friends that the true loyalist, like the true man, is he who is faithful not to one or some only, but to all the relations of his place. This principle holds the scholar to loyalty to his literary and religious trainings, as part of enlightened patriotism. Such, at least, has been the doctrine in this University from its foundation. The Philosophy—mental, moral and political—taught here from the days of Dr. Smith to those of the present honored Provost, has always presented this connection as indissoluble. Let us learn from the new and fearful chapter of American history which we are now reading, how large a place belongs to sound learning and practical religion, in the science of American loyalty. We no more want a new religion, or a new learning, than we want a new Constitution or a new flag. Superficialness in the principles, and looseness in the practice of what we have been taught from these Chairs, has been the origin of much of our political confusion. What we need is a more thorough scholarship, and a piety, less beligerent and more intelligent—a character resting on knowledge and principles, rather than on forms and pretensions. They who reach this degree are the true Philomatheans.



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